"FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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Why He Sang.

THERE were two birdies, so the folk say,
Who sat on a tree one bright spring day,
And one was as thankless as thankless could be—
The world might be fair, but what cared he?
And one looked up to the sky above
And sang such a song of grateful love
That it thrilled the hearts of the passers-by
And made them, too, look up to the sky
And thank the Giver of all good things;
For he who is grateful always sings.

The Wild Pigeon.

TIME was when wild pigeons were very abundant in our Middle States—more abundant, indeed, than most farmers wanted them to be. I can remember hearing my grandfather tell about their roosts, when they would alight on the trees of the woods in such immense numbers that large limbs would be broken down. This was in Ohio, and a friend once told me that the same thing occurred in Kentucky among the beech forests.

In those days people could kill them by the hundred with clubs and poles, while many were caught with nets or shot while flying overhead. In 1850, near an Ohio village, one thousand two hundred and eighty-five were caught with a net in a single day. Thousands were brought to the markets of the cities and sold for five or six cents a dozen. Many were exhibited in coops, and the purchaser had the choice of carrying them home alive or of having them killed on the spot. If he chose the latter the seller would skillfully break the birds' necks and deliver the goods.

The roosting places of these birds were so selected that in the morning they could fly off in flocks of various sizes to the different feeding points, and in the evening return to their sleeping apartments. No doubt some of them made long journeys for a day's dinner. They were especially fond of acorns and beechnuts, but also had a sweet taste for the farmer's corn.

Mr. Wilson, the well-known ornithologist, or "man who knows about birds," says that he observed a flock, which he estimated at 2,230,272,000, near Frankfort, Ky., in 1808. My own friends have told me that they have seen flocks so large as to darken the sky. In 1854 the light of the sun was obscured by an "immense, unbroken, and apparently limitless flock which for several hours passed over the city of Columbus, Ohio."

A writer gives a graphic description of the odd way in which a flock of these birds fed on the ground. He first saw them while flying. After circling around a little while, they alighted on the ground, presenting a front of a quarter of a mile, reaching back nearly a hundred yards. They were feeding on mast or beechnuts. In a few minutes those in the rear found the ground stripped of mast, and so they rose above the tree tops and descended in front of the advance column, where they found abundance.

But soon those now in the rear found the supply exhausted, and so they rose and descended in the same way, and thus the movement became continuous—the birds from the rear flying to the front, so that the whole looked like a huge moving cylinder, with a diameter of about fifty yards, the inside of which was filled with flying leaves and grass. At the same time the noise of the foraging bird army was deafening. It was a quaint way of feeding, and yet so vast a flock had to be governed by some system. The one adopted seems almost to be the result of reason on the part of the birds.

The nesting places of these great flocks of birds almost baffle description. Near Shelbyville, Ky., there was a breeding haunt that was several miles in breadth and about forty in length, extending north and south through the woods. This seems almost beyond belief, but the description is furnished by Mr. Wilson himself. The noise of the flying birds, the crashing of limbs, and the shrieking of hawks was so great that conversation could be carried on only by bawling into the ear.

WILD PIGEONS.

When the young had grown somewhat, parties of men went to the place of the immense nursery and camped for several days, gathering the fat youngsters that would be dislodged from the nests. Hogs were fattening on them, while hawks, buzzards, and eagles sailed about and dined on "squabs" at pleasure. Sometimes over a hundred nests were found on a single tree. LEANDER S. KEYSER.

The Children's Edition.

IT was little Jessie Durant who thought of it, after the Wilson cottage burned, one fearfully cold night of last December.

The Wilsons were old people, who had been known as "Uncle" and "Auntie" when the fathers and mothers of Belleville were children. They were quite alone in the world, for their only son had been brought home drowned at twelve years old. That was long, long ago, but ever since the cottage window looking toward the lake—where a treacherous squall had upset his fishing dory—had been blinded by a heavy shade. Whether the water lay like glass in the sunshine, dimpled at the touch of the zephyr, or turned whitecaps to the east wind, it was all the same—the mother could not bear the sight.

But, although so old, the Wilsons were—as they themselves would have said—"spry" for their years. Within, every corner of the little house was bright and neat as a new pin; and outside it would have been a bold weed indeed which should dare show its head between the prim rows of the vegetable garden. "Auntie's" patient fingers still found time to knit stockings and mittens for her neighbors, and her husband's early lettuce and radishes went fresh and crisp to many a table. There was a small fowl yard, too, most carefully tended, whence new-laid eggs and plump chickens were marketed. So industry and frugal habits made amends for age and poverty, and it was the pride of the old people that they had never been forced to ask aid of anyone.

Into this life of self-denying independence the fire which consumed their home came like the hot blast of a cyclone, leaving hopeless wreck behind. Their nearest neighbor—herself poor and a widow—gave them temporary shelter, with such of their humble belongings as had been hurriedly snatched from the flames. To the question as to where they should go there seemed one obvious answer—"to the poorhouse." The suggestion of a subscription to rebuild the cottage met with little favor from the practical common sense of the community.

"If they were ten years younger we might think of it," said Squire Perkins, when the subject was broached at the village store; "but at their age the house mightn't be more than finished before a chill or a stroke of paralysis carried off one or both of them. At the best they can't take care of themselves much longer."

"Kind o' tough, though, to send 'em to die in the poorhouse," said Farmer Brown.

"Not in my opinion," returned the squire, severely. "Hasn't the poorhouse been built by the people's money for the people? The poorhouse is the poor man's homestead. Our own is tight and comfortable—much more so than that ramshackle Wilson cotage ever was. In their place I should be thankful, sir, thankful, for such a home. And as for dying, I never heard that one place was better than another for that. I am sick of this senseless prejudice against a useful public institution."

Little Jessie, waiting while the clerk tied up her package, and warming before the stove her hands—clad in mittens of Auntie Wilson's manufacture—listened in large-eyed silence. Then she walked slowly toward home, thinking hard all the way. Opposite Widow Martin's house she paused undecidedly for a minute or two, then ran up to the door as if she had made up her mind to do something. Auntie Wilson

answered her knock—there was no one else in the room.

"Why, if it isn't little Jessie!"

"Yes, auntie; I came to see you. I want to—to ask you something."

"What, dearie?"

"Do you want to go to the poorhouse?"

The gentle old face whitened. Auntie put out a wrinkled hand to steady herself by the doorpost.

"Is that what the folks are saying, Jessie?"

"I heard Squire Perkins talking. He thinks it's a very good place. But do you, auntie?"

The old woman sank into a chair and drew the child to her.

"Dearie," said she, "the Lord's always been good to me, and I ain't murmuring. I want to do his will, but if so be he'd give me my choice, I'd lie down in the graveyard along o' my little Tom thankfully afore I'd ever darken the door of that place you named!"

The little girl flung her soft arms around the bent shoulders.

"Then you sha'n't go there!" she cried. "You sha'n't. There must be some other way."

But auntie only shook her head.

When Jessie reached home she saw her older sister Nellie removing the envelope from a bulky package which had just come from the post office.

"What a great newspaper!" said Jessie.

"It is the Woman's Edition of the *State Journal*," said Nellie.

"What do you mean by that, Nellie?"

"The ladies in L——, where the *Journal* is published, wanted money for the poor—the times are so hard, you know. So they got the people who print the paper to say that they might make it themselves for one day, and have all the money they could get by selling as many copies as they possibly could. So they appointed their own editors and committees, and wrote articles about all sorts of things, and asked some of their friends to write, too. Then they went about and persuaded all the business men to advertise in their edition, and sent out little printed slips urging everybody to buy it. Mamma said she thought they would make a great deal of money. Why do you look like that, Jessie?"

"I was just thinking. Could anybody else do that, Nell?"

"I suppose so—if they knew enough!" laughed Nellie. "Did you think of trying, pussie?"

Jessie said nothing, but her eyes shone.

The *Belleville Record* was a four-page weekly newspaper which chronicled the village happenings and echoed faintly the noise of the great outside world. It was still so young as to be only an experiment. Its list of subscribers was short, and it numbered scarcely more than a score of readers outside the limits of Barton County. It is doubtful if it could have lived at all had not Mr. Joseph Nevins, the young editor and proprietor, been able to turn his hand at need to typesetting and presswork. But, whatever his journalistic prospects, his quick sympathy and kindness of heart were unquestioned, and no one in trouble was forced to ask twice for any aid which it was in his power to give.

To Mr. Nevins, then, Jessie unfolded with fearless confidence the plan which had thrilled her busy brain like an inspiration. When she left his office, after a long interview, a Children's Edition of the *Record*, whose proceeds should be devoted to rebuilding the Wilson cottage, was already assured.

The project was received with boundless enthusiasm by the Belleville children, who were, each and all, stanch friends of the Wilsons. Daily meetings for the arrangement of details were held after school hours. The contagion of sympathy spread through the homes of the village. Everybody was eager to help on the enterprise. From Wells & Barker, the leading merchants, who engaged two solid columns of space, to the three lines of old Joe Sargent, the one-armed popcorn vender, no one refused to advertise.

"Why don't you solicit advertisements from the city merchants?" asked Nellie; "so many Belleville people do their shopping in town."

Jessie grasped at the happy suggestion, and the story of the two homeless old people was told in simple phrase to the ears of strangers, who straightway became helpful friends.

Meanwhile a score of letters, addressed in a cramped, childish hand, were flying here and there through the mails. One of the greatest of American poets opened one of them one morning at the breakfast table, and this is what he read:

"*Dear Mr. S——*: Will you please excuse me for writing to you? It is about Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who live in our village. Everybody here calls them uncle and auntie because they are so good. They are very old, and their house has just been burned up, and if it cannot be built again they will have to go to the poorhouse. So Mr. Nevins, the editor of the *Belleville Record*, is going to let us children print a charity edition. I am sure that, now that you understand about it, you will like to write one of your beautiful poems for us, and that will help us to sell the paper to a great many more people. Your little friend, JESSIE DURANT."

"Cool, upon my word!" said the poet, who easily sells his sonnets at a gold dollar a word. But his wife, to whom he passed the letter across the table, saw that his eyes were wet.

The other letters were read in a similar way at other breakfast tables, and, by and by, one of the great New York dailies announced the "Children's Charity Edition" of the *Belleville Record*, containing a poem written expressly for it by the great Mr. S——; also one of Miss W——'s delightful short stories, a characteristic sketch by Dr. H——, besides a dozen other special contributions over scarcely less known signatures. No single issue of *Harper's* or *The Century* could boast a greater array of famous names.

"The *Belleville Record?*" questioned the people who read. "Strange that we never heard of it before!" And they forthwith sent in their subscriptions—not only for the charity edition, but for the whole year. So the fortune of the *Record* was made—but that is another story.

Great piles of the Children's Edition melted like snow from the city news stands, while the whole force of the little home office was taxed to fill the mail orders.

When the great edition which Mr. Nevins had been courageous enough to print was at last exhausted, and all the expense bills settled, an amount which I hardly dare tell in exact dollars and cents was turned over to Treasurer Jessie.

By the time Uncle Wilson was ready to plant his spring vegetables and auntie to "set" her bantams and cochins, the cottage stood snug and tight—itself a new, illuminated edition of that which had vanished in smoke. It has a new name, too, in the village—the "Record"—which is as it should be, since the wood and stone of its walls and foundations record the sum of a child's faith and works, multiplied by many generous hearts and hands.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

The Boys who Saved the Guns.

A GOOD story is told of the Boston boys that attended the school that was kept in West Street during the Revolution—a story that yet delights the hearts of all loyal-hearted Boston boys.

In November, 1776, the General Court of Massachusetts ordered four brass cannon to be purchased for the use of the artillery companies in Boston. Two of these guns were kept in a gunhouse that stood opposite the mall (now in Boston Common) at the corner of West Street. The schoolhouse was the next building, and a yard inclosed by a high fence was common to both.

Major Paddock, who then commanded the Boston company, having been heard to express his intention to surrender these guns to the British army, was the individual to be outwitted. So a few boys resolved to rescue for their country property that belonged to it, which in those hard times was worth a great deal.

Having arranged their program, these boys passed through the schoolhouse into the gunhouse, and were able to open the doors that opened into the yard, and through a small crevice they raised the bar that secured them. The moment chosen for the execution of their project was the time of the roll call, when the English sentinel, who was stationed at one door of the building, would be less likely to hear them.

The guns were easily taken off their carriages, removed to the schoolroom, and placed in a large box under the master's desk, a box in which wood was ordinarily kept.

Immediately after the roll call a lieutenant and sergeant came into the gunhouse to look at the cannon before removing them. A young man that had assisted but a few moments before in taking them into the schoolroom remained by the gunhouse, and followed the officers into the school building as an innocent and much surprised spectator.

When the carriages were found, minus the guns, the redcoated sergeant exclaimed, with a great, black oath: "They're gone! These Yankee Doodlers would steal the teeth out of your head while you are keeping guard on them."

They began a most vigorous search in the building, and later in the yard; but when they came to the gate that opened directly into the street, the officers decided that the guns could not have gone out from it, because a cobweb across it was yet unbroken.

They next went into the schoolhouse, which they examined most thoroughly, all except the box on which the master placed his foot, which was lame; and the officers, with real but surprising courtesy, on that account excused him from rising and allowing them to investigate the contents of his foot-rest. Tradition says not whether the master's lameness was temporary or chronic. The officers soon went back to the gunhouse, and in a rage gave up their game.

The guns remained for a fortnight in that box beneath the master's feet; and, though the schoolboys were all acquainted with the fact, not one lisped a word or betrayed his secret.

At the end of that time the persons that had removed the guns from their carriages came in the evening with a large trunk on a wheelbarrow, put the guns into the trunk, carried them up to a blacksmith's shop at the south end of Boston, and deposited them under his coal in a corner of his shop. After remaining there for some time, until a safe hour for transfer came, they were finally, one night, put into a boat and were victoriously brought within the American lines, much to the delight of the early Boston schoolboys.

Who says that a schoolboy cannot keep a secret? —*The Golden Rule.*

The Ancient History of Flowers.

THE Mayflower, with her little rosy feet,
  Ran out to meet the Spring, all sweet and shy.
Blue Violets in the meadow had their seat,
  Where they could see their home, the azure sky.

The Windflower was a wandering child of air,
  She came upon the soft wind from the South;
She had fine garments given her to wear,
  In color like the seashell's curling mouth.

A country lass that never dared look up,
  The Trillium in the shadow chose to grow.
The Dandelion and the Buttercup
  Were touched by Midas' finger long ago.

The Primrose slipped away from moonlight land,
  All faint and wan, delicious with the dew,
And would not open till a moonbeam spanned
  The evening dusk and tender kisses threw.

The Water Lily was a naiad's child;
  The Bindweed was a wanderer pale and worn;
The pleading Rose, upon the bramble wild,
  A captive maiden looking forth forlorn.

The red Lobelia lit a fire, and flung
  The embers all around a shady dell;
The Daisy had a gypsy's crafty tongue,
  And youthful fortunes glibly would she tell!

The Asters were a shower of stars that fell
  Amid the dimness of an autumn night.
Witch-hazel woke, and cheerily cried, "All's well!"
  And met with smiles the dull November light.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

The Sunday School Advocate.

OCTOBER 26, 1895.

JESSE L. HURLBUT, EDITOR.

The Sunday School Lessons.

OCTOBER 27.

LESSON IV. The Child Samuel. (1 Sam. 3. 1-13.)

GOLDEN TEXT: Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. (1 Sam. 3. 9.)

NOVEMBER 3.

LESSON V. Samuel the Judge. (1 Sam. 7. 5-15.)

GOLDEN TEXT: Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. (1 Sam. 7. 12.)

Little Things.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad,
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do,
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be
For the gift of such a son."

Only small things, but they brighten life
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, but they mold a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

—*Mrs. Mary Fenton, in Restitution.*

A Junior League Recruit.

Timmy Carter had just sold the last one of his stock of Sunday morning papers, and stood idly watching the throng of people coming from the ten o'clock ferryboat from East Boston.

Tim was not in his usual spirits this morning. In the first place, it always galled him to be obliged to keep silent while he sold his papers. Not a boy on his beat could sing out so lustily: "*Her'l'—Journ'l—Transcrip'—Trav'ler an' Globe—Reckid*—a cent!" but, as he informed Swipesy, his chum and crony, "I alwers feel like a sneak sellin' my Sunday papers, for if you speak above a whisper the cops are onto yer; and the very men that buys the papers of yer stuffs 'em inter their pockets as if they was ashamed of theirselves."

On this particular morning trade had been good, but Tim was decidedly out of sorts—so much so that he kicked an inoffensive little mop of a terrier that was daintily following a well-dressed lady and wondering in his doggish soul why his mistress did not pick him up and carry him as usual.

Mopsy rushed after his mistress with astonished yelps, and Tim discreetly turned his back and appeared to be intently looking for some friend whom he expected on the ferryboat.

Among the last to come from the boat were two boys, whose bright faces were in decided contrast to Tim's sour looks.

Tim noticed that they both wore bright metal badges, and, floating from the badge, a white streamer of narrow ribbon with a red line in the center.

"Some s'ciety, I s'pose," said Tim to himself, and then, his curiosity getting the better of him, he asked, "What do you fellers b'long to, with yer cop's shiners on yer coats and yer red and white ribbins hangin'?"

"O, we're Junior Epworth Leaguers," said Harry, the older one. "Paul and I have belonged for two years, and we haven't missed more than two meetings in all that time."

"The reason we come over in the ferry every Sunday morning," Paul hastened to explain, "is because our grandmother lives over in Roxbury, and we used to all live with her and go to church and Junior League there, and now she is never happy unless we come every Sunday and go there just the same."

"Is it any fun?" said Tim, wistfully. Swipesy was sick in the hospital, and the day looked pretty dull in prospect to poor Tim.

"I should say it was," said Harry. "I'm one of the ushers and hand around the Testaments and singing books, and we nearly always close with a march, when we all carry little red and white banners."

"They told us last Sunday to try and get some Junior League recruits," said little Paul, who always followed up what his brother had to say with some explanation or exhortation. "Don't you want to come over to Roxbury and join?"

"If I'll come, what'll yer gimme?" said the wily Tim, who had tasted the rewards of mission schools, and always made a point of joining one about Christmas time.

"Why, we won't give you anything," said Harry; "we will expect you to give. Our Junior League is raising ten dollars now, to send a little wanderer to a good home in the West, and we've each got five cents to give toward it."

"I could give five times five if I was a min'ter," said Tim, slapping his pocket, which jingled in confirmation of his words.

"Well, we mustn't wait, Harry," said Paul, anxiously, "we shall be late to church;" then, turning to Timmy, he said, "If you would like to join our Junior League, just be at the corner of Williams Street and Shawmut Avenue at three o'clock this afternoon, and we will be there waiting for you."

"Don't cry if yer don't see me," said the saucy Tim, with all his good spirits restored, and, as the two boys hurried up the street to find their car, he actually whistled as he sat down on the edge of the curbstone and began to count his morning's earnings.

"I b'leeve I'll s'prise those fellers by goin'," said Tim to himself. "If it don't cost more'n a nickel it won't break me, an' I ken walk out there easy."

So at three o'clock Tim was at the appointed place, with clean face and a not over-clean pocket handkerchief sticking jauntily out of his pocket.

His clothes were not conspicuously bad, and, as Tim contented himself with hiding a little girl's muff under the pew cushion, after slyly appropriating the pink neck handkerchief which the careful little soul had securely placed within the muff—neither of which performances were ever traced to him—he acquitted himself with credit, and was proudly exhibited to the patient junior superintendent as a Junior League recruit.

She welcomed him cordially, and pinned the coveted Junior League badge and ribbon on his rather smudgy coat lapel; and then she shook hands with him so kindly that the better nature in the poor, neglected boy came to the surface, and he slunk back into his own old seat, and actually restored the pretty pink handkerchief to the little gray muff and dropped both on the floor, where they could be easily found and restored to their small owner.

Timmy did not become a saint all at once, though he came regularly to the Junior League, but, little by little, he is learning lessons that will make his future life a very different thing from the prospect before him that morning at the ferry when he became a Junior League recruit.

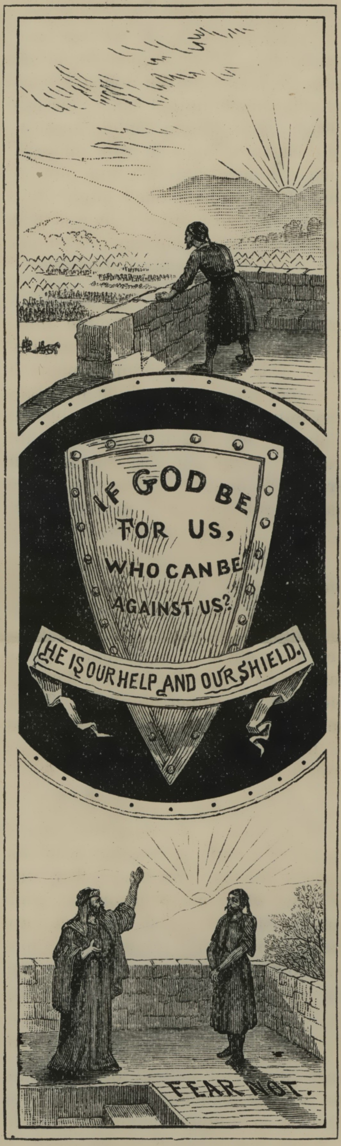
Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Weighing an Elephant.

An Indian writer relates an interesting anecdote concerning Shajee, the father of the first ruling prince of the Mahrattas of Hindustan, who lived at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. On one occasion a certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money. But the great difficulty that presented itself was how to find out what this weight really was; and all the learned and clever men of the court seem to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant.

At length it is said that Shajee came forward and suggested a plan, which was simple, and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted along a stage, specially made for the purpose by the water side, into a flat-bottomed boat; and then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out, and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to hold the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.

Sharp-Eyes Problem.



The first twenty verses of the tenth chapter of Exodus tell how the grasshoppers (or locusts) ate the Egyptians "out of house and home," as we say, so that there remained not any green thing in the trees or in the herbs of the field through all the land of Egypt.

John, the great revival preacher who baptized Jesus, was the man who ate locusts and wild honey (Matt. 3. 4). That hardly seems to us like proper meat—except the honey—but food is not very plentiful in the Holy Land, and if you were visiting to-day in a black Bedouin tent very likely your host would offer you a bowl of locusts, salted and dried, and a comb of golden honey from the hives of the wild bees. If you were very hungry it might taste good, too.

Once when the good prophet Elisha had warned the King of Israel against taking a road where the Syrians lay in ambush, the King of Syria suspected that some one of his own army was a traitor and had given away his plans to his enemy. But one of his men said, "No, O king; but Elisha, the prophet, tells his king all your secrets."

Then the Syrians laid a trap to catch the prophet. They found out where he was, and one morning when his servant looked out from the housetop to see what he might see, an army of Syrians completely surrounded the town. The poor servant thought there was no escape. "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" he cried. But Elisha knew that the king's horses and all the king's men could not carry him away or kill him unless God willed it. He calmly said to the despairing servant, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Then he prayed two simple prayers. Can you find out what he asked of the Lord, and what God did for him? I think the author of the twenty-seventh Psalm must have had in mind God's care for his faithful prophet when he wrote, "Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear."

THE BAY WINDOW.

[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

WHEN I read of this little girl's canary bird I wondered if any of the little Bay Window people had seen the little trained canaries. A man came to our hotel with thirty or more this summer, and you should have seen them. They would pick up little flags with their bills and stick them under their wings, playing soldier. They would play dead, and, what seemed most wonderful, these timid little things would pull the trigger of a little gun and stand perfectly still when it went off. Then they wanted some money put in their tray as a reward, and they would pick the coins up one by one and hand them to the trainer.

"JONESVILLE, MICH.

"I am a girl nine years old. I go to the Methodist Episcopal church and Sunday school. My teacher is May Culver, and papa is treasurer. My mamma is treasurer of the Missionary Society and secretary of the Aid Society. I have a canary, and he will eat out of my hand and sing sweetly.

"ALTHA B. CRAMTON."

"KENWOOD, IA.

"I am a boy thirteen years old. I love to read the letters from the little boys and girls. I go to the Methodist Episcopal church and Sunday school every Sunday I can. Our pastor's name is Rev. J. L. Boyd. Our Sunday school superintendent is Mr. Thoms. My teacher's name is Mrs. Shepard. I like our pastor very much. I have a father and mother, one sister, and one brother. I have a little black pony; it is a nice driver and easy to ride. I have a rabbit; it is a wild one, but I am trying to tame it; it is a young one; it's name is Star. DAVID TORREY."

"SIDNEY, IA.

"I am a little girl ten years old. I belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church. My papa is the Sunday school missionary of Fremont County. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Frazier. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. Bartholomew. I like her very much. I am a member of our Junior League. It consists of thirty-eight members. Our leader's name is Mrs. Frazier. I like her very much. Our pastor's name is Rev. Mr. Bartholomew. I have five sisters and one brother. Our day school will begin in September. I am in the fourth grade. HATTIE F. HOWARD."

"ST. JAMES, MINN.

"I am a little girl twelve years old. I belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church. We have a very nice Sunday school here. Our pastor's name is Rev. N. B. Foot, and my papa is superintendent. There are about eight in my Sunday school class. My teacher's name is Miss Nettie Bushnell. We have a Junior League here, and I am the superintendent. There are about fifty-four members. I am in the sixth grade at school, and my teacher's name is Miss Emma Lawrence. I live on a farm, and I think it is better than living in town. For a pet I have a kitten. INEZ M. RASEY."

"GIBBON, NEB.

"I am a little girl six years old, and, as I cannot write for myself, my sister Ina is writing for me. We have a little walnut grove out back of the house where my little brother Paul and I swing in our hammock and have very nice times together. I have a little friend named Ruby Wight; she comes up to see me quite often. Sometimes I go down to see her. I am named after my Aunt Sarah, who sent me a doll for my birthday present. SARAH F. THATCHER."

"GLEN HAZEL, PA.

"I am a girl twelve years of age. I belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church and Sunday school and also the Junior League. I am in the fifth class at Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hoel. There are thirteen in my class. I live about one half mile from Glen Hazel. My papa works on the oil wells. Our pastor's name is Rev. Mr. English. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Fink. I have two sisters. Their names are Fannie and Mildred. I have two brothers and a dear papa and mamma, who are living. I go to Sabbath school every Sunday that I can. Papa and mamma are Christians, and they belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church. I like our League and Sabbath school very much. JENNIE GANOE."

"SHEENAN, ME.

"I am a little boy ten years old. I live in New York and go to the Methodist Episcopal church and Sunday school. I have two brothers and two sisters. My brothers' names are Volney Lysle and Kingsley Armour; my sisters' are Vivian Ilda and Mignon Nadine. For pets I have a pony and a dog and a pair of rabbits and six white rats. I also have a bicycle and many toys. I take the ADVOCATE and like to read the letters very much. My grandpapa is an earl and lives in England. Our school motto is, 'Let thy whole strength go to each duty.' LINDSAY MONTROSE ARUNDEL."

"CHICAGO, ILL.

"I am a little girl nine years old. I go to the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. W. Lazear, and I love her very much. Our pastor's name is Rev. J. M. Caldwell. I have been present every Sunday for three years, and have been having a present for every year. I have a Bible, a *Life of Christ*, and a *Pilgrim's Progress*. I think I will get a present this year, too; I have been present every Sunday. JULIA HEEDS."

"OAK PARK, ILL.

"I am a little girl eight years of age. My mamma and papa are both dead, but I have a good grandma and aunt, whom my brother Walter and I are staying with. Walter has a velocipede and I have a bicycle, and we have lots of fun together. Walter is as fond of flowers as I am, and we each have a little garden. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Mary Daniels, and the superintendent's name is Mr. White. I like them very much. Dr. Pooley is our pastor, and we like him very much. I go to Sunday school, church, and Junior League every Sunday that I can. I am trying to serve Jesus. STELLA MERZ."

"ANNA, ILL.

"I am a little girl eight years old. I have one brother and one sister; my sister is fourteen and brother is eleven years old. I go to Sunday school every Sunday in the Methodist Episcopal church. We live two miles from town. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mr. John Shaddrich. Our superintendent's name is Mr. J. I. Talar. Our pastor's name is Rev. B. S. Smith. I like to read the ADVOCATE and the Bay Window. My papa and mamma belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I love mamma and papa.

"ESTHER L. DAVIS."

The following are the "left-overs:" Helen Weaver, Fanny Vandusen, Josie Hill, Lonella Chalker, Jennie Collins, Clara B. Clayton, Carrie Glum, Bertha Mead, Essa M. Wood, Nira and Esther Goodwine, Rosa Butler, Minnie Dechenne, Blanche Gakka, Monroe Drake, Flossie Pontious, Millie Simmonds, Nellie Anderson, Lila Z. Finley, Ada Buchere, Clara A. Fruehling, Mae Lesley, Frances Lamb, Grace P. Meachen, Bessie E. McAdam, Birdie M. Bower, Ethel Spencer, Rosina O. Wagoner, Aaron Shepherd, Ethel Shawner.

Greedy Tip.

Two little mice came out of their snug home in the wall of Grandma Gray's cellar to ramble about by themselves. Their mother was dozing on a bed of dry leaves, and Nibble and Frisk, their two sisters, were gnawing on a dry piece of turnip.

"I say!" exclaimed Tip, "that old turnip is as dry as a bone. I wish we could find something nice to eat."

"Yes," said Tiny, "and it always seemed to me that I could if I could only roam about the cellar; but mother is afraid to let us."

"I know," said Tip, "she's afraid of a great animal she calls a cat; but she says Mrs. Gray never allows any cats in her cellar, so we don't need to fear, and, anyway, we're almost as large as mother."

Tip felt very important.

"All four of us put together are certainly as large," said truthful Tiny, "but she is much older and wiser than we. O, what a cunning box!"

The two little mice in walking on the shelf had come to something like a round, flat wooden box with four small, round holes in its sides, and looking in at each hole you could see a dainty piece of cheese.

"Cheese, as I live!" cried Tip, sniffing with delight. "I'll have some," and he started in at one of the holes.

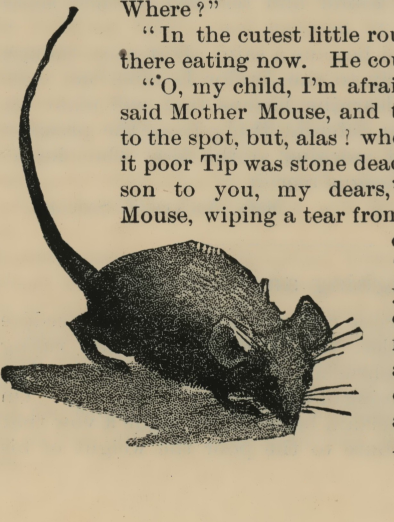
"Wait!" cried Tiny. "Let's go back and tell the rest, and then we can all eat together."

"Not I!" said Tip. "Every one for himself, I say."

So, while Tiny scampered back to call the others to the feast, he went into the hole; but just as his nose touched the cheese something went "click!" and poor Tip's neck was caught fast in the mouse trap!

"O, mother, do wake up!" cried Tiny, rushing into the nest. "Tip and I have found the nicest feast of cheese!"

"O, cheese!" cried Frisk and Nibble. "Where? Where?"



"In the cutest little round box. Tip's there eating now. He couldn't wait."

"O, my child, I'm afraid it's a trap!" said Mother Mouse, and they all rushed to the spot, but, alas! when they reached it poor Tip was stone dead! "A sad lesson to you, my dears," said Mother Mouse, wiping a tear from her eyes with one little paw; "but let it teach you always not only to look out for traps, but also to beware of being greedy and selfish."—*Morning Light.*

THE PUZZLE BOX.

[Our readers are invited to send interesting original puzzles for this department. The names of those who send correct answers to the published puzzles will be printed. Address THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

CHARADES.

(*Words of four syllables.*)

I.

1. A preposition. 2. Past tense of "sit." 3. Myself. 4. Did eat. The whole means "not satisfied."

II.

1. Crazed. 2. The first of all. 3. A vapor. 4. A carriage. The island in which the French have been fighting the Hovas.

III.

1. Lofty. 2. A vowel. 3. Part of the verb "to have." 4. To perceive with the eye. The whole is the name of a city of Florida. C. D. LOVEJOY.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

I.

Behead a useful article in the schoolroom, and get to be tardy; behead again, and get to eat; behead again, and get a preposition; behead again, and get a consonant.

II.

Behead a fruit, and get a chain of mountains; curtail, and get past tense of ring; curtail, and get to run; behead, and get an adjective; curtail, and get a vowel. CARLTON D. LOVEJOY.

PUZZLE.

There is a word of six letters. Cross out one and twenty will be left. J. F. ARUNDEL.

DIAMOND.

1. A vowel. 2. A place of safety named in the Bible. 3. A root of commerce. 4. An abbreviation. 5. A consonant.

FLORA L. B.

PI.

henW uoht sessapt thoghru het terwsa, I liwl eb thiw ethe.

EVELYN.

Answers to Puzzles of August 24.

DIAMOND.

V
W I G
V I C A R
G A R
R

PI.

"*As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them* likewise."

CHARADE.

Peri-odd-eye-calls—Periodicals.

SQUARE.

E A R S
A R E A
R E A L
S A L E

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(*Cities of France.*)

1. Toulon. 2. Calais. 3. Nantes. 4. Dijon. 5. Arles. 6. Macon. 7. Rouen. 8. Paris. 9. Pau. 10. Rochelle.

ENIGMA.

Beach, Harriet, Robert, bear, Robert R. Roberts—"Harriet Beecher Stowe."

Answers from Mabel Potter, Edna Roberns, Ethel Hammond, John F. Arundel, Mary Nelson, Mattie T. Lamb, Mary Buckmaster, Minnie Bissell, Clarence H. Post, Flora L. Burger, Carlton Lovejoy, Mary C. and Oscar J. Elsesser, Albert E. Gable, Ellen Johnson, Lillie and Jennie Anderson, Edgar R. Lewis, Bradford Fisk, Lillie Fry, Lena Nealond, Nettie Ward, Kate Smith, The Overton Sisters, Jennie and Oscar Tomlinson, and Aggie Schrady.

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